

him, certainly deserves a picture to commemorate his happy escape. I have, therefore, at the beginning of this chapter, presented my pretty little reader with a true representation of that transaction.

But to proceed: the next morning, proving very wet and dismal, Mr. Stubbs was thereby prevented paying his usual visit to our little shepherd and shepherdesses, who had taken shelter under the hovel. These pretty little children amused themselves in chatting to each other; but, as their conversation was not on idle and childish subjects, I doubt not but my pretty readers wish to know what it was: I shall therefore proceed to tell them.

"Bless me, (said Florella to Amintor) how it rains! This rain will prevent Mr. Stubbs coming to us this morning, and we shall lose saying a

lesson, which, I am sure, will as much vex you as it will me."

"That is true, (replied Amintor) but, my dear sister, remember it is what God pleases, and we must not murmur at what he pleases to direct. But this rain, though it proves a disappointment to us at present, it may be of infinite service to us in future, as well as to many other people. This rain will moisten the earth, and bring up the sweet grass for our innocent flock to feed on. It will likewise assist in the growth of vegetables in general, and will do a world of good besides, much more than you or I know of. But I will read you part of the history of little Amarillis, which is, in some degree, applicable to what we are talking about.

"The little Amarillis was a sweet pretty creature, who loved and was beloved by every one. She constantly said grace before and after dinner and supper